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The Republican Outlook

That great tidal wave of wrath against Mr. Harding which optimistic Democrats have been desecrating upon the horizon with the aid of the binoculars of hope has flattened out completely. Maine was a sad disappointment. The primaries in Massachusetts and Michigan finished their hopes. The experts are now agreed that there is about as much hope of a Democratic House as of a blizzard in September.

The nation is Republican and intends to remain so, but there are abundant evidences that there is a very active and healthy unrest within the party. In The Tribune's interpretation, Republican voters are being swept off their feet neither toward radicalism nor conservatism. They are viewing the candidates offered on their merits and finding not much difficulty in picking what they want.

Pennsylvania and Indiana went for progressives for good and sufficient personal reasons. Massachusetts has stood by Senator Lodge for equally good personal reasons. The Tribune does not always agree with Mr. Lodge, but there is no questioning his ability, his learning and his great value to the country. Massachusetts Republicans are rightly proud of him, and there seems now hardly a question of his election in November. In Michigan the issue was the false and slanderous part of the attack upon Senator Newberry. Senator Townsend ran strongest in Detroit, the heart of the Ford territory, and the result is a significant answer to those partisans who thought to fabricate an issue out of half-truths.

Confession, At Least

The Tribune is not persuaded that the pushcart peddlers will be any better off under the plan of Commissioner of Accounts Hirschfeld to pay licenses direct to the city than they were when the licenses were paid to irresponsible supervisors, until a commission determines just what are the expenses of public markets and just how much each peddler ought to pay for his stand privilege.

The proposed arrangement, however, is in effect a confession that graft existed and an admission that the city administration has found it necessary to do something about it. It is a complete back-down from the former position of Mr. Hirschfeld and his superiors in office that the markets were all right, even after The Tribune had proved conclusively that they were all wrong. Persecution of peddlers, however, must be stopped. It would be easy under Mr. Hirschfeld's plan to maintain the same army of inspectors and supervisors, putting them on a regular pay roll instead of allowing them to pay themselves, as formerly, out of their collections. This would be just as costly for the peddlers and almost as profitable to the politicians, whose graft individually was something like \$600,000 a year.

Whatever is to be done will bear careful watching. Confession is not good for the soul unless it is accompanied by reformation. If under the new arrangement the supervising force can be cut down to at least 60 per cent, as it ought to be, the disclosures of The Tribune will not have been in vain.

If the same force is maintained under another name and the peddlers are mulcted as heavily it may become necessary to appeal to the Legislature to send a commission to New York with power to clean up the whole matter.

The fact that both the Mayor

and the Commissioner of Markets ignored the charges that graft existed and that Mr. Hirschfeld did not act till compelled to by an order from Justice Crompton does not indicate any sincere friendship for peddlers on the part of the city administration.

However, action has at last been taken, and now that the daylight has been admitted to a very dark corner of the city government there is hope of genuine reform.

One Way to Breed War

There are various ways of breeding the national animosities and misunderstandings that lay the foundation of wars to come. One of the best ways we can imagine is for a great newspaper to print as a public interview with a distinguished citizen of another country his private conversation embellished by an imaginative woman famous for neither tenderness nor accuracy.

It is altogether probable that Mrs. Clare Sheridan talked to Mr. Kipling, or at any rate visited his home and heard him talk. It is equally probable that Mr. Kipling is stating the literal truth when he denies flatly ever having given an interview to Mrs. Sheridan or ever having said the things she attributed to him. Mr. Kipling is a blunt speaker. He has not hesitated in the past to criticize America frankly, even brutally. There is no more caustic analysis of American character than his lines on "The American Spirit."

But such considered candor is one thing. Casual, private talk torn from its setting and twisted by a care-free listener is another. The distinction is one which every public man relies upon, which every trustworthy correspondent of a newspaper understands. It is not a question of suppressing real sentiments and publishing pretenses. It is a question of distinguishing between real opinions and the table talk, the thinking out loud, the half-truths that every man, great or small, relieves himself of among his intimate friends. If all the private talk of the great men of the world were repeated by gossiping women and spread broadcast there would be precious little chance of international understanding.

Americans have thus far maintained their great admiration for Mr. Kipling as an artist despite his outspoken criticism, and they will doubtless continue to do so. They will feel nothing but sympathy for him in his present predicament. Of Mrs. Sheridan not much can be said that is either polite or important. The chief blame for the regrettable episode must rest on "The New York World," that sent Mrs. Sheridan as its correspondent and gave conspicuous publicity to her article.

The power of a newspaper to improve or debase international relations is very great. Its conscience should be correspondingly acute. "The World" professes a deep interest in the peace of the nations and has printed columns of editorials pleading for international machinery designed to keep and make peace. Such a reckless and sensational perversion of truth as it has now printed in its news columns unquestionably does more damage to the cause of peace than any amount of machinery can correct. If the world is ever to know lasting security it must first develop individual consciences and good will among men. We suggest that "The World" talk less about the League of Nations and practice more of its spirit.

Clemenceau's Mission

The report that Clemenceau is coming to this country to interfere in the elections in behalf of the Wilsonian die-hards and the League of Nations will be taken with a large grain of salt. It may well be true that certain Democrats approached him with such a proposal during the summer, but Clemenceau is too wise not to know the ill success that attends the efforts of foreigners who endeavor to interfere in the internal politics of our country. Furthermore, Clemenceau never cherished any love for President Wilson, and on nearly every issue represented policies diametrically opposed to his. When Mr. Wilson publicly attacked the balance of power theory Clemenceau ardently championed it. He was openly skeptical about the League of Nations and strongly favored "practical" as opposed to "theoretical" settlements of the various problems at the peace conference.

If Clemenceau comes to this country it is to be hoped that he will speak in the interests of France and not of American politics. He can plead for a revival of the war spirit of co-operation. He can endeavor to show that American responsibility did not end with the armistice or the signing of the peace. He can show that the failure of America and Britain to abide by the tripartite agreement for the defense of France against a new German invasion is largely responsible for Germany's policy of aggressive evasion.

But until shown otherwise we shall believe that he is much too shrewd and much too big to stoop to partisan issues. Clemenceau knows that as a spokesman in an American campaign his words would be unheeded, but that as a spokesman for

France, and more especially for the cause of Allied unity, he will be welcomed with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Harding's Recovery

During the last few days the heart of the country has gone out to President Harding. There is general thanksgiving for the reassuring news that the crisis of his wife's illness has passed. To the warmest sympathy for Mrs. Harding and admiration of her pluck is added rejoicing that the President, already so heavily burdened, is relieved of the greatest of worries.

The strength of the President has been severely taxed by one national emergency after another piled on the exhausting routine of his office. In the face of all problems he has gone on, calm and steadfast. And certainly Mrs. Harding, with her fine gifts of tact, judgment, courage and womanly intuition, has been no small factor in the success of the Administration. She has, indeed, given of her energy more freely than her health justified. There will be solicitude that she shall take the long needed rest that will restore her to full vigor. Her illness has touched a chord of fellow feeling in all citizens, and they will breathe more freely knowing that all is well in the White House.

California "Views With Alarm"

The General Staff in Washington, in reply to a protest from the Chamber of Commerce of San Pedro, has reported to the Secretary of War that the safety of the nation will not be endangered by the lease to a Japanese syndicate of ten acres of land within gunshot of Fort McArthur, on the southern California coast. Apparently the war plans division of the General Staff is of the opinion that a Japanese colony or even a recreation park within a short distance of the fort is in greater danger in case of war than would be the fort. Even on the theory that every concrete tennis court is a gun emplacement, it is difficult to see what is to prevent the fort taking the initiative in case of hostilities. This might be distinctly embarrassing to those busy fortifying the colony.

For California's difficulty in meeting the economic competition of the Japanese there is widespread sympathy throughout the country. But the same cannot be said for the occasional hysterical fears uttered by Californians about Japanese military and naval bases on our Pacific coast. Hiram Johnson, the watchdog of the Pacific, seems ever ready to bark with fearful fury when some of his fellow citizens suddenly picture the homeland annexed to the Empire of the Rising Sun because two Japanese farmers have located on an inaccessible bit of the seashore.

Such "viewing with alarm," however, does little to solve the Japanese problem in California. It serves either to make us ridiculous in the eyes of the Japanese or to irritate them. California's real danger is economic and not military. She can safely leave to the War Department the details of national defense.

Makeshifts Instead of Schools

Mr. Hyland, it will be remembered, announced in his last campaign that if elected he intended immediately to end the part-time evil in the schools. Yesterday came the announcement that the Board of Education is seeking buildings in which to house a part of the pupils who cannot be provided with seats.

School children cannot be adequately taught in groups of rooms rented here and there in buildings not intended for school purposes. In a congested city like New York no buildings suitable for school uses can be rented. Even had the hunt for space, begun frantically at the eleventh hour, been started in the spring, changes necessary to make the new quarters habitable for school children could not have been made.

The whole building plan of the administration seems to have fallen down lamentably. With the school term already begun, the prospect of an army of part-time or no-time children is still here, and the only alternative is to give a few of them camping quarters in rented rooms.

As with subways, so with schools. The Mayor talks expansively and promises lavishly, but he signally fails to perform.

Possibly when thousands of parents who pay taxes for schools directly or in the form of rent discover that their children must be half taught or untaught they will learn that children cannot be educated by campaign speeches.

Brazen, and Proud of It

Last year a centenarian positively refused to attribute his old age to tobacco or a daily dram. In fact, he had simply "growned" and didn't lay the blame on any particular thing or person. This year comes a hardy old gentleman who has the spirit to brave the undying enmity of the Anti-Saloon League, the Anti-Cigarette League and the Society for the Suppression of the Drinking of Coffee. Ninety-six years old, he boasts that he smokes sixty cigarettes a day, longs for the beer of old and rarely consumes less than eight cups of coffee. He inhales

when he smokes, likes his beer rich and heavy and his coffee strong.

Here, indeed, is a fit subject for the reformers. Any one who has brazenly survived ninety-six years of such a life must be in need of salvation. Is he not a living violation of all the teachings of the blue crusaders, having the extreme hardihood to thrive when any one of his three bad habits should by rights have killed him a generation or more ago?

To boast before the world of smoking sixty cigarettes daily and drinking eight cups of coffee shows a defiance of the new reformers which must be as painful to them as it is delightful to the unregenerate at large.

Endless Possibilities

Mr. Hearst's ingenuity in coupling his campaign advertisements with reading matter boosting one of his magazines may possibly keep down his published campaign expenditures in case he has the luck to be nominated for something this fall.

The courts may take the view that an "ad" for a magazine is not a campaign "ad" even though it dwells for many words on the fitness of the owner of the magazine to hold public office. If it is not a campaign "ad," of course the money that it cost need not be accounted for in the prescribed return under the amended election law.

The advantage of this system to Mr. Hearst is greater than it would be to any other perpetual candidate, for he has wider and more varied interests. He can make almost endless combinations of advertisements—beginning as he has done with one of his magazines, continuing through his string of newspapers and ending, perhaps, by dividing the encomiums of a full-page "ad" between himself and the forthcoming photoplay production of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

More Truth Than Poetry
By James J. Montague

A Habit
(Physicians advise brain workers to eat heavier breakfasts.)

Our breakfast was never our favorite meal. It seemed to diminish our punch. So we ate but a little and saved up our zeal. For a vigorous raid on our lunch. We did fairly well with our work after that. And when, at the end of the day, We tidied our desk up and reached for our hat. We thought we had well earned our pay.

And then came the news from a medical gent That a person who toils with his head Begins his day's labor exhausted, and spends the day in bed. Unless he is thoroughly fed. So we breakfasted daily on coffee and steak. And then, when our luncheon time came, We found we were hungry and liked to partake Of a pretty big snack just the same.

We tried this a month, but it did us no good. To the office we heavily crept, Ran through a few letters as soon as we could. And sat in our desk chair and slept. So set in this habit of sleeping we got. That, although our morals were sound, Employer believed us a drink-ridden sot. And never would have us around.

And now, though we fain would go back where we were. And eat little breakfast or none. Our hunger steps forward and makes no demur. And we find that the thing can't be done. So we warn all our readers: beware of food. For, once you are caught in its clutch, Like a tottering drunkard by liquor pursued, You will never eat right, but too much.

It Will Soon Come

People are now beginning to scan the market columns to see if they are running the daily quotations on glands.

Biological Note

Our observations convince us that mosquitoes like to take their human gore with a dash of citronella.

Conclusive

The prohibition pool seems to indicate that where the country isn't dry it is wet.

Tilden Voter Praises Hayes

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I am much gratified to learn that there may be a new 50-cent piece to commemorate the birthday of President Hayes. Our currency for fifty years has presented the features of men who did no particular service for their country, and many of them are entirely unknown to the present generation.

I voted for Tilden, but have always looked upon Rutherford B. Hayes as the very highest type of a true American—soldier, Governor, President—and it has galled me to see him crowded out by men, perhaps worthy in their small way, but so far as history is concerned, nonentities.

HIRAM WAED.
New York, Sept. 10, 1922.

The Tower

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Reflections of Archy the Cockroach
A fish who had swallowed an angle worm found all too late that a hook was nesting in its midst as he said the poor fish I am the most luckless creature in the world had you not pointed that out said the worm I might have supposed myself a trifle unfortunate cheer up you two said the fisherman jovially the first two minutes of that hook are always the worst you must cultivate a philosophic state of mind boss there is always a comforting thought in time of trouble when it is not our trouble archy.

The Thoughts of Hermione, the Modern Young Woman

We . . . that is, my Little Group of Serious Thinkers and myself . . . have been taking up Coué in a very thorough way. We gave an entire evening to him this summer and threshed out his philosophy thoroughly. Aren't his ideas just simply wonderful?
Dear Aurelia Dart . . . you know Aurelia Dart the harpist, don't you? Well, dear Aurelia was getting frightfully stout. Her arms were losing their character and individuality entirely. And she used to have the most beautiful arms!
Fothergil Finch used to say they were poetry, you know, and music, and all that sort of thing! One could look at Aurelia's arms and believe in the Absolute Rightness of the Cosmic All, if you get what I mean.

They were so much like themselves, and so distinctly unlike any other arms in the world, that they always gave him an overwhelming realization of the Distinctiveness of the Unique, Fothergil used to say.
They remind me of a line in one of dear Susan Glaspell's plays, where a character speaks of the Integrity of Otherness," Voke Eassey said one evening.

But, of course, when they began to get too plump they lost all their Otherness, if you get what I mean.
Aurelia dieted and dieted, and exercised and exercised, and drank all kinds of mineral waters, and read the Zend Avesta, and took up tennis, and massaged and massaged, and cut out sweets, and steamed and steamed and steamed herself, and went in for Theosophy and called in an osteopath and a yogi, and none of it did any real good!

And then she took up Coué in a serious way. And I took up Coué, too, and helped her hold the thought. We used to say, a hundred times each morning: "Day by day, in every way, Aurelia's arms are getting slenderer and slenderer!"
And in less than a month they were their old selves again . . . as beautiful as Greek temples, as Fothergil Finch said.

Isn't it just simply marvellous what Mind and Spirit will do!
Of course, one must be Serious and Sincere!

One must never, in these important things, make a compromise with the Trivial.

Nearly every night before I go to bed I conduct a little Spiritual Self-Examination, if you get what I mean. I stand before the mirror and look earnestly into my own eyes, and ask myself: "Have I Rebuked the Trivial to-day? Or have I failed?"

That is what we who are the Leaders in Advanced Thought must always do—Rebuke the Trivial. The Masses look to us for spiritual guidance and progress.
That is the way we must help Evolution to evolve, we Advanced Thinkers. . . . by Rebuking the Trivial!

And what would the human race be without Evolution? I always say that Evolution has been one of the greatest helps to the human race!

Have you seen the Symbolism in the new skirts? The way they flare out at the bottom makes them look like fishes' tails. Like Sirens, you know! Fothergil Finch says the Vamp has gone out, and the Flapper is going out, and the Siren is coming in! Isn't it wonderful the way the Subconscious Minds of the really great designers are influenced by the Rhythmic Ebb and Flow in Nature herself, and express themselves in Symbolism, if you get what I mean!

Although Poor Dear Mama—she is very unadvanced, you know, Mama is—said to me: "I should think you would be ashamed to wear anything that had Symbolism in it!"
She thinks all kinds of Symbolism mean nothing but Freud! Fancy! And, of course, everybody should know that Symbols aren't improper at all, as long as you don't dream about them. On the other hand, almost anything you dream about is sure to be improper. But I can never make Poor Dear Mama see the distinction. She is so hopeless! I will never forget the shock it gave her when she discovered that flowers actually have Sex.

Well, I must be hurrying on. I have a committee meeting this afternoon. One of my Causes, you know! We are going to show the deserving poor this coming winter that their state of mind matters a great deal more than a coal shortage.
But I must say the Masses are frightfully ungrateful, no matter what sacrifices we advanced thinkers make for them.

Sacrifice! Sacrifice! Isn't sacrifice just simply wonderful!

French Without a Struggle
"Prithee, precede me from the house,"
I begged him, adding "Après vous!"
After giving some of the current "Greek dancing" the once over, we wonder what the device the ancient Greeks would think of it.

Watch The Tower for the serial entitled "The Great Gland Mystery, a Sequel to Gladys, the Bootlegger's Daughter—A.D. 1900." DON MARQUEE.

MAYBE MR. KIPLING SAID IT THIS WAY



Oddments and Remainders By Percy Hammond

There are few things in pictorial journalism more poignant in appeal than Mr. Briggs' little tragedies of boyhood entitled "When a Feller Needs a Friend." In that pathetic series, as you know, the great miseries of adolescence are depicted—the woes, ignominies, injustices and embarrassments indigenous to tender years. Helpless the tiny victims stand, enduring the dilemmas and the contretemps, from the first pair of long trousers to mumps and the opening day of school. The poor little devil who has to beat carpets on a Saturday afternoon while his companions are at play. His heartbreak when his stray dog is refused the sanctuary of his home. His deep despair when baby Romance is at fault. Sometimes in pondering these admirable studies of Mr. Briggs (which are more sympathetic than those of Mr. Tarkington) I wonder why he has overlooked one of the most terrifying of the crises known to infancy.

I have in mind a pregnant scene in the nursery, with a promising man-child in his cradle, revealing unsuspected in masculine coos and dimples. Over him bend his adoring parents, replete with pride and approbation. Their purple hopes see in him the prospects of a useful and a noble future. He will turn into a banker, perhaps, or a bridge builder, a persuasive clergyman, a great soldier or a thoughtful Senator of the United States. It may be that he will become an idol of the stage, an inventor of helpful machinery or a prosperous poet, writing books, editorials and dramas. His parents plan to help him with their sacrifice and counsel and to equip him for a successful life from the store of their wisdom and love. "What shall we name him?" says the mother, looking with confidence up and into her husband's eyes. And the father answers "Let's call him Percy."

There, Mr. Briggs, is the portentous moment when a Feller Really Needs a Friend. No matter how auspicious were the stars under which he was born, no matter how strong and big and bright and beautiful he may grow to be, he is out of luck.

Also! regardless of his doom
The little victim plans.
No sense has he of ill to come—
His joys are all to-day's.

No Percy, however superior his qual-

ifications may be, has ever been able to excel. Handicapped by the vicarious jinx of his piffing appellation, he is barred by that deformity from all achievement and from many privileges. The Franklins and the Fredericks and even the Cyrils may wear spats and wrist watches, but the Percys may not do so and be safe from sneers. They may not sing tenor with impunity, as the Georges and the Josephs do; and if a Percy is graceful at dancing or expert in etiquette contemptuous aspersions is his only reward.

He stands no chance, and it would have been better for him if his godfather had been on the level with him and dropped him in the baptismal font at his christening. Men named Percy are unwelcome among the young heroes of West Point and Annapolis; for instance, and so are prohibited from scaling the ramparts and commanding the torpedoes and death shells of battle. The records of the War Department show that no distinguished martial conduct has ever been performed by an American named Percy. The air service was full of members of Mr. Lardner's "Pretty Name Club," but the Percys were all absent from the perils of aviation. Not that they were afraid, but that because of their dulcet nomenclature they could not belong. Can one imagine a fallback entitled Percy? Or a financier, or a successful pugilist?

What would have been the lot of Colonel Roosevelt had his name been Percy Roosevelt? If Abraham Lincoln had been christened Percy Lincoln the negroes might be yet in chains and the North and the South separated and unamiable. Percy Dempsey! The mind revolts from so abnormal a dissonance. Percy Pershing! Percy McGraw! Percy Hoover! Percy Hyland! Percy Hearst! Percy Ziegfeld! Percy Munsey! Percy Kahn! I venture to suspect that if any one of these celebrities in achievement had been cursed with the mellow epithet of Percy he would, despite his fine gifts of bravery, politics, economics, banking, journalism or the drama, have remained, as all the helpless Percys do, in obscurity's sullen shadows, eating the bitter bread of a banishment for which he ought not to be blamed.

A Percy told me the other day that he had become so sensitive concerning his dubious caption that he had practically withdrawn from life and was now a hermit. The clerks in the store, he said, laugh at him when he buys a shirt and has it charged. He declines to vote any more because his polling place is in a barber shop, and when the election officials pry out of him his name the bootblacks, porters and territorialists guffaw unfeelingly as he admits that it is Percy. Anxious to help this friend out of his distress, I sought to prove to him that persons named Percy had now and then been known to commit some worthwhile things. I had heard, for example, that the intrepid sergeant of marines who at Belleau Wood had stood upon the parapet and shouted to his company "Come on, goddam you! Do you want to live forever!" was no other than Percy McFadden, a tasteful haberdasher of Shreveport, Ohio. I had read of Percy Hotspur's brave doings in the English wars, a valorous, truculent fellow who was happiest when engaged in perilous strife and blood-shedding. But investigation proved that the name of the doughty marine sergeant was not Percy, but Cuthbert, and that in old life he tended a soda fountain in Altoona, Pa. As for Percy Hotspur, I learned that he was at times a coward, and that a King of England had pulled his nose and had slapped him in the face with the flat side of his sword, calling him a "Percy."

The best things that I have been able to discover about the Percys is that a Percy W. Chubb was once president of the Drama League of America and that a Percy Simpson is author of several instructive brochures entitled "The Punctuation of Shakespeare," "Shakespeare's Little Boys and Girls," suitable for grammar school pageants and the better and finer Chautauques. There was a report from Camp Dix that during the war rehearsals there a pretty doughboy named Percy Beifeld, angered by the taunts of his fellow warriors, licked in one evening two Alexanders, a Stephen, three Marcuses and a Kenneth, and was about to obliterate a Geoffrey and an Ezra when he was called off. But these Percys who seem to have overcome the calamity of their hurtful designation are merely bright exceptions to a rigid and a dolorous law. All the rest of them are condemned by tradition and the discretion of their fathers to be no good.

Don't Forget the Cat
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: This is the time of year when people are closing camps and cottages for their return to the city, and in many instances leaving cats, kittens and other pets to shift for themselves as best they may, almost sure to starve and to freeze with the coming of winter.
The bird defenders are always saying that cats readily return to the wild and subsist by catching birds and small game, but this is true only of a few particularly strong, well-grown individuals; by far the greater number perish miserably. Any one who has seen the pathetically appealing efforts of a lost or homeless kitty to attach itself to a new home or owner knows that it does not preferably "return to the wild."
There are merciful ways of putting an animal to death if it must be left behind, and to do so is by far the greater kindness; or it could be reported to the local gamekeeper, whose duty it would be to attend to the matter.
A LOVER OF ALL ANIMALS.
Elizabethtown, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1922.

MASTER MARINER AND SEAMAN
SINCE 1888.
New York, Sept. 10, 1922.